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IN THE OLD DARK DAYS.

TALES OF A GRANDFATHER, TOLD FIFTY YEARS HENCE.

Extracts From An Unpublished Child's History of St. John—The Great Carleton Insurrection and How Men Felt When the Cloud Hovered Over Them.

I am old, my children, but to this day my heart throbs as of yore when I think of the stirring scenes of 50 years ago.

Yes, it is just 50 years ago, for it is now 1942, and the days when the cloud of war hovered over this land were in 1892. I was an eye-witness, nay, more, an actor, for I was carried along on the wave of popular excitement as were others who were older and wiser than I. It has been so in all the great revolutions of the world. Men do not stop to think when the frenzy is upon them and they thirst for their brothers' blood.

Peace had long reigned on the continent of America. A generation before that, in 1861, the cry of secession had been heard, and the guns in Charleston harbor had awakened a nation to all the horrors of war. Peace came in time, and for nearly 30 years people had ceased to dream of any other condition from the North Pole to the Rio Grande. Least of all had this part of Canada any reason to fear a civil war.

It was all about the people's rights. Prior to 1889 the people of Carleton had enjoyed certain privileges by which they paid less taxes than the citizens on the other side of the harbor. In that year Carleton was annexed to the city. The people of Carleton voted against the union, but there were enough on the other side of the harbor to carry the scheme, and so Carleton became a part of the fourth city in Canada. Then the Carletonians claimed that such of them as did vote for the union were wheedled into it under the promise that they should have a free bridge. The act of assembly did indeed provide that there might be such a bridge if action were taken to secure it within one year. Should such action not be taken, special legislation would, of course, be required. No action was taken. The year passed, and so did another and another. Then the people of Carleton began to wake up. They wanted to get mad, and looked about for something to get mad at.

They soon found it. It was the harbor navy, commanded by Admiral Glasgow and consisting of the cruisers *Ouangondy* and *Western Extension*. Every time a Carleton man took passage on one of these boats, he was assessed one cent, and the first mutterings of a storm were heard in the demand for a free ferry until a free bridge should be built.

At first, nobody paid much attention to the street talk. The council endeavored to conciliate the people a little by putting in a hot well in one of the steamers by which a saving of \$144.60 was effected in four months and twelve days, thus showing how the annual deficit of about \$13,000 could be reduced to about \$12,600 by a chronic hot well, but they might as well have tried to make the "gents cabin" clean without hot water and lay as to appease the masses by such a device. The people paid their cents and muttered, but a revolution was brewing and all that was needed was a leader.

There were giants on the earth in those days. Thirty years before, Jefferson Davis had been chosen as the president of the southern confederacy. History repeated itself when George Anthony Davis came to the front in the Carletonian revolution of 1892.

Citizen Davis was not a giant in stature, but when he denounced the wrong and upheld the right the walls shook at the thunder of his voice. He was a lawyer and some of his forensic efforts, such as his word portrait of Squire Robert J. Ritchie, would have immortalized his memory had he done nothing more. He had been in the common council and wanted to get there again.

John Babington Macaulay Baxter was also a lawyer by profession, but beyond that and infinitely more important in such a crisis, he was versed in the science of arms. Step by step he had risen to the rank of Lieutenant in the brigade of garrison artillery and was the joint author with Adjutant J. Fred Langran of a work on tactics, or something of the kind. He was an authority on trajectories, parabolic curves, spherical projectiles, windage and the ratios of atmospheric resistance. In his most peaceful hours his table was strewn with hemispheres, disks and cones, pertaining to the horrid art of war. He was to the revolutionists what Gen. Beauregard had been to the southerners—the strategist and military leader. He was also a candidate for the common council.

Enoch B. Colwell, (known as the lone fisherman who believed that the fish interests would not be helped by reciprocity) was also a candidate for the common council.

So was J. Herbert Wright, the insurance agent.

So was Ald. Smith; and so was Ald. Stackhouse.

These leading spirits in the incipient revolution were joined by Timothy Donovan, the butcher and orator. Others flocked to the standard and an executive committee of ten was appointed at a large and enthusiastic convention convened by unsigned handbills. It was from these posters the general public first learned that secession was tainting the air and Carleton was on the verge of a revelation. "Tax payers, attention!" it said. The convention was called "for the purpose of discussing a free ferry between the east and west sides, or separation and decreased taxation." It closed by saying "Electors, turn out and demand your rights!"

Nobody knew who called the meeting, but the electors turned out as requested and as each man found about 799 other men all getting by the ears, he concluded that time and the hour were favorable for a great something to which the convention would give birth.

That something was a resolution with nine preambles, moved by Citizen Davis and endorsed by everyone else. It was in the nature of a bill of rights and a recital of grievances, yet the dread word "secession" was not found in it. It was considered wise to leave something to the imagination.

"Along these shores live a hardy race of men who will battle for their rights," was the trumpet-tongued utterance of Citizen Davis, and at the sound of the words a hush, which betokened a determination to do or die, fell on the assemblage. Lieutenant Baxter also spoke, and so did Citizens Donovan, Wright, Colwell, Smith and Stackhouse. Citizen John Montgomery called for a second reading of the resolution, and talked excitedly to a neighbor during all the time it was being so read for his benefit. The resolution was adopted. It will live in history. The active and potential clause of it said in plain terms that the Carleton aldermen should demand that the ferry be made free within ten days from date, and that a committee of ten be appointed to report back within 30 days.

"Ten days for the city to decide whether there should be peace or war, and twenty days more for the work of secession to be completed, the guns trained from the heights and Carleton to assert its independence as a sovereign city. Nobody dared to say that this was the extremity to which things would come, but there were grave faces on every side.

Should there exist the injustice that a man from Fairville, Musquash or St. Stephen, could walk into St. John by way of the suspension bridge, while the taxpayers were charged for going from Rodney wharf to Chubb's corner? Echo answered, no!

It may well be supposed that a great panic fell on the mayor, aldermen and commonalty when word of the determined action came to them. The questions arose, "What will they do, and how shall we meet them? If we do not grant the free ferry, they will secede from the union, declare war and seize upon the city property. They may even invade the city and if reinforced by allies from Duck Cove, Pisarinco, Musquash and Chance Harbor, may conquer it, pillage the Owens Art Gallery and blow up the Busby boulevard. How shall we prepare for them?"

The gravity of the situation was increased by the fact that not only could Lieut. Baxter bring the resources of modern gunnery to his aid, but that it was hard to tell how far the secessionists might receive aid and sympathy from the east side. Admiral Glasgow was a Carleton man. Would he, like the Southerner Floyd, seek to hand over the navy to the rebels? Could the chief of police be relied upon? Even the chamberlain's office had a Carleton man in it. Was the city safe for one moment after the last stroke of the last hour of the tenth day?

And by the irony of fate, that day was to be the 17th of March—St. Patrick's day in the morning.

Admiral Glasgow declared himself loyal to the core, to the city and to his job. If supplied with cannon he would prevent the secessionists taking charge of the boats. He would sweep the west side floes, even if Lieut. Baxter stood there sword in hand and gold-band cap cocked at an angle of 47 1/2 degrees.

Admitting that the secessionists could capture the navy and sail over to attack the east side, the question was as to the best means of repelling the invaders. One suggestion was that the steam roller be placed at Chubb's corner, and it the invaders landed, to let it run down hill, driving the terrified mob into the harbor. In the same line was a proposition that Chief Engineer Kerr be instructed to drive through the crowd with his wagon, as if on the way to a fire. Still another idea was to advertise a toll of three cents a head which would prevent the foe coming over in the first instance. It was universally conceded that the framers of the union act had done wisely in providing for a director of public safety. At last there was something which he could direct in the way of making the public safe.

A dark symptom of trouble to come was seen in the fact that Ald. Baskin and Lockhart prepared to withdraw from the council board. It was rumored that the former aspired to be mayor of the new city of Carleton when its independence was achieved. Ald. Lockhart would contract for the hay, oats and bran.

In the meantime Lieut. Baxter and Citizen Davis, with the other proposed insurgents came and went from between the east and west sides without any attempt being made to molest them. The mayor felt that such attempt would only precipitate the open rebellion which might be averted by a more conservative course.

Then matters stood, and pending the awful climax the people waited with feelings of awe and fearful expectation.

But I am weary, my children, and must say no more to-night. At another time I will tell you more of the story of the great rebellion in Carleton in the year of grace, 1892.

THEIR FAVORITE SPOTS.

SEVERAL THOUSAND CITIZENS GIVE THEIR OPINIONS.

Their Choice of Locations for Street Loafing After Dark—Reasons for Certain Preferences—St. John is a Highly Privileged City in Some Respects.

In order to get a popular expression of opinion on a subject in which a large number of citizens are interested, PROGRESS has asked the following question:

Where is your favorite street loafing place in the evening, and what are your reasons for preferring it?

The replies received show that a deep interest is felt in the subject, the number of answers amounting to 5,982. This, of course, does not show the actual number of those who make a business of loafing in the evening—probably the figures would be nearly doubled if all responded, but the proportions sufficiently indicate the general opinion on the subject. It is not likely the result would be materially different were the whole 10,000 to respond.

The following is a carefully compiled tabulation of the figures:

Head of King street.....	889
Foot of King street.....	374
Corner King and Germain streets.....	238
Market building, Charlotte streets.....	817
North side King square.....	489
Corner Charlotte and Union.....	359
Waterloo and Union.....	284
Mill and Union.....	284
" " North.....	518
" " Pond.....	467
" " Paradise Row.....	268
Sundry other places.....	905
Grand total.....	5,982

It will be seen that the head of King street easily holds the lead, though the Market building holds honorable rank as second place. In this computation it is probable that the edges of the sidewalk between the two points are included, as well as the sidewalk near the W. C. T. U. fountain. The King square itself does not appear on the list, as it undoubtedly would later in the season when the benches were in place and the asphalt walk in condition to be irrigated with tobacco juice.

Most of the replies show that the young men of today do not act blindly upon impulse but have good reasons for their choice of locations. They have arrived at their determination after a careful study of the social and economic problems of the day, and when they speak it is to the point. It is, of course, out of the question to publish more than a few extracts from the thousands of replies, but these tell the story of themselves.

It will be noticed that our people are not unmindful of the privileges they enjoy and are thankful they live in a land of liberty, where there are none dressed in a petty brief authority to molest or make them afraid. The letters teem with grateful acknowledgements of the uniform courtesy of the chief of police and his men. Only here and there is a murmur of discontent that the police themselves occasionally loaf too long in this or that particular spot and lean against walls in which the general body of loafers feel that they have vested rights. Our friends must remember, however, that these are very exceptional cases. As a rule, the police take every precaution against disturbing the citizens in the enjoyment of their pleasures. In defence of the officers, too, it may be remarked that as regards one specified loafing place they seldom begin to occupy it until after 10 p.m. The place in question is Breeze's corner, and they are not there without good reason. They are perfectly well aware that, standing at that point, they command a view of at least six bar-rooms which, as they know perfectly well, sell liquor after hours, and that there is a chance of picking up some man who may be a little incautious in his walk or talk. Having done this they can go home for the rest of the night, so that they can appear in the morning and swear the prisoner was drunk. Some of the force are not such stupid blunders as the public suppose them to be.

The following are quotations from some of the replies:

I prefer the head of King street, because it is passed by crowds from four directions. There is a good light there, and there is such a throng there on fine nights that you can have your choice of the kind of a dress you like to spit upon as the women pass by. The police are very kind to us.

It would appear there is a sort of aristocracy even in loafing. While the crowd at the head of King street is a mixed one, that at the market building and especially around Director Smith's drug store is much more stylish. It often includes prominent officials and policemen in plain clothes. Here is what an admirer says of it:

The light is excellent, and shows the ladies to the best possible advantage. Then there are people there so well informed that the question of "Who is she?" or "Who is that with her?" need never fail of an answer. We have some pretence to order, too. Half of the crowd stands on the edge of the sidewalk, looking inward, while the rest have their backs to the building. If we are of a retiring nature and do not want to be seen ourselves, there are several nooks around the building, in which we are partially free from observation. Then, too, the excellent light enables us to spit with such accuracy that we can form any desired diagram on the sidewalk.

The sidewalk on the north side of King square is much less fashionable, but it

WHAT POLICEMEN SAW.

WOODS AND COLWELL BEFORE THE SAFETY COMMITTEE.

The Chief Denies Their Statements and Offers an Explanation—What He Knows About Woods—Ald. Lewis Asks for Information in Regard to Barroom Etiquette.

Some time ago the board of public safety decided to investigate charges that were made reflecting on the efficiency of the force, and its head officers. A number of witnesses were called, some of whom made statements; then the board adjourned to meet again at the call of the chairman.

The investigation was continued Thursday. Ex-policemen Woods and Colwell had been notified to be present and make statements. Their presence seems to have caused a misunderstanding among the city papers, as one of them announced that the committee would investigate the case of Woods and Colwell, who, it was said, admitted that they deserved to be dismissed. The officers say they are not of this opinion.

Several members of the committee objected to having statements made by men who had been discharged from the force, but chairman Chesley contended that as the men had been notified to appear before the board they should be heard.

Woods and Colwell both stated that they had seen the chief under the influence of liquor several times. On one occasion, they saw him on Germain street between two and three o'clock in the morning, standing in the doorway of Butt's tailor shop. He was hardly able to walk along. The chief went to the Victoria hotel where a coachman saw him getting along with difficulty.

At this point the chief excitedly objected that the coach of the man referred to was owned by Colwell's brother and his statement should not be considered. It was explained that the man's name was Brown and that he owned the coach himself.

The chief explained his actions on the night in question, in a way that made the committee wonder more than ever at his original ideas of how a police force should be conducted.

The chief said he was in the police station at about two o'clock that morning. He heard a noise of shouting and pounding on King street, near the Victoria hotel, and wondered that no arrests were being made. The chief went out, crossed the King Square, and saw the officers at the fountain. He walked along Charlotte street to the alleyway next to Regan's, turned in there and went through the vacant lots to Germain street. That was how he happened to be on Germain street that night.

An alderman asked why he went through the alleyway to Germain street if he thought there was trouble at the Victoria. The chief said he was watching his men.

Woods and Colwell were on what is known as the King square beat that night, and took hour about in the police station. Both stated that they had not seen the chief in the station.

When Woods had made his statement the committee gave the chief the privilege of asking him questions. The chief adjusted his spectacles and began.

"Did you ever arrest a squaw on Brussels street?"

Several members of the committee objected that they were not investigating Woods. At this the chief became very much excited and made statements that reflected on Woods' morality, and said he knew enough about him to send him to Dorchester.

The committee objected, whereupon the chief claimed that he was not getting fair-play; that the committee had always worked against him, and made several other statements which, in the excitement, nobody remembered.

Woods, in his statement, said that on several occasions he had seen the chief drunk in the central station, and that on one occasion he was so much under the influence of liquor that he could not talk.

The investigation was conducted in a rambling way, and several of the aldermen made interesting statements. One of them had heard all the statements before the officers were discharged, and did not think the "discharged policemen" argument should be considered.

Ald. Lewis asked the chief if it was not customary for a man when coming out of a bar-room to wipe off his moustache. The chief said it was.

"Do you remember wiping off your moustache one day when coming out of a barroom opposite the Dufferin Hotel?" asked the alderman.

"I have a great fashion of twisting my moustache; said the chief, showing how he did it.

"But didn't you do so when coming out of the barroom I mentioned?"

"I was in there on official business," said the chief, "but I suppose this is another story that my enemies are circulating."

"No, no, don't blame anybody," said Ald. Lewis. "I saw you myself."

After further statements and questioning the committee adjourned.

WAS TOO ZEALOUS THAT TIME.

The Passenger Was Entitled to a Pass, But Had to Pay Fare.

It was recently discovered that a conductor on the northern division of the I. C. R. had omitted to make any returns to the auditor's office for nearly two years. On being confronted with the fact he admitted that he had retained the fares collected and handed over \$500, which by comparison with the returns of another conductor was supposed to be about the amount due. The discovery was made in a singular way, and if the conductor had not been needlessly sharp about insisting on the payment of fare by a passenger entitled to a pass, he might have been on the road yet.

A telegraph operator on the northern division took this conductor's train to go to Moncton, but without a trip pass, supposing probably that the conductor would accept his explanation and allow him to ride free. The conductor, however, insisted on the payment of fare, which amounted to something over \$4. The operator thought that this was too much for him to lose, and after arriving in Moncton he called on the chief superintendent to see if he could not get the money returned. Mr. Pottinger heard the story and sent to the auditor's office for a copy of the conductor's returns. There were none, and further inquiry developed the fact that there had been none for 22 months. Then the conductor was sent for, confessed, paid up and took his departure. If there is any moral to the story, it is that there is such a thing as being too sharp sometimes with people who are entitled to railroad privileges.

Lively Times at Hampton.

For a Scott act town Hampton beat all records Saturday night. There was lots of excitement, and a number of people had a good time. There was a party at the Vendome, and a regular picnic on the street not many yards away. The Scott act has received a good deal of attention at Hampton, but very little notice seems to have been given to the liquor sold there. It runs as freely as water, and Saturday night water had no show. A crowd of drunken men made things lively for some time. There was loud talk, glass breaking and all kinds of noises, and when daylight dawned next morning it was hard to find a whole pane of glass in Mr. Brunswick Belyea's store. The crowd had made short work of it, and helped themselves to some things in the show windows.

A Great Day at the Sheds.

Wednesday was pay day at the I. C. R. freight sheds. It is usually the big day of the month in the estimation of the railway employees and this month they had evidently made up their minds to celebrate it. The government says that there will be no holidays in future, but from the scenes witnessed in some parts of the sheds Wednesday, it looked as if the government and its employees disagree.

Too Early for Predictions.

It is a little too early yet to predict how far there is to be a prospect of change in the common council for the next year.

Other Woods and the Chief.

At the police committee investigation Thursday Chief Clark made statements that reflected on officer Woods' character.

Ald. Lewis Asks for Information.

Ald. Lewis asked the chief if it was not customary for a man when coming out of a bar-room to wipe off his moustache.